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## A GEISHA

Little wild Indigo sings and dances  
Like a fountain falling, a rush wind blown,  
Light as a bird, and straight as a lance is.  
Brighter than fire are her black eyes' glances;  
Her mouth is a rose and her heart a stone:  
But her kiss is sweet, and a thousand chances  
A man would face, if beyond the dim  
Edge of the star that as Earth is known,  
Little wild Indigo waited him.

She dwells at the sign of the Flowering-Cherry,  
She serves all comers with saké wine;  
Her mouth is sad, and her eyes are merry,  
And all desire her, and none divine  
If that hid soul is a clear grey lake,  
Or a mountain hollow that earth-fires shake,  
A flower mud-rooted, a broken shrine,  
Or only a tree, whose bud and berry  
All idle hands in the world may take.

She is whiter than foam, she's slighter far  
Than gossamer caught in the hedgerow's net;  
She was born in grief 'neath an evil star  
And the mark of death on her brow is set;  
But whoso sees her will not forget,  
And whoso loves her will sorrow long  
And labour sadly and travel far,  
Ere out of his dreams departs this face  
Of a lily grown in a miry place—  
This wild flower, trodden where dancers throng.

NORA CHESSEON.

*From The Candid Friend, London.*